

MEDICAL ALERT . . . !

No more suntanning for George Fox students. The ozone layer is too thin to permit safe tanning.

ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

We are going to stage mock war games. Leading the blue side will be Ralph Beebe, with Arthur Roberts commandeering the red side. Sign-up sheet will be posted in the SUB. Choice of weapons limited to pea shooters and rubber bands.



"You must be kidding . . . ?"

Weak Update

CAPTAIN KIRK

The United States has finally turned to Captain Kirk and the Starship Enterprise for help. They are planning to beam the hostages out of Iran next week sometime.

NEWS FLASH . . .

Volcano watching is dangerous to Oregonians. Everyone knows that Oregonians have a light coat of permanent rust. Well, the sulfuric fallout of the volcanic eruptions re-

acts with the rust, and causes St. Helen Syndrome. It is easy to tell which spectators are Washingtonians or Oregonians by their appearance. Oregonians suffering from this disease have miniature craters. For those of you determined to brave it anyway, we have consulted with an Oregon mountain man who was here the last time it erupted. He said that the only way to prevent the craters is to cover yourself from head to toe with either fish oil or bear grease. You can obtain either of these for just \$1.00 a pint from Ron Hansen.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Don't miss Kermit the Frog at the April 31 chapel, also featured will be Miss Piggy singing some of Keith Green's latest.

SORRY PORKERS . . .

Due to over indulgence SAGA will only serve one meal a day.

CHAPEL CANCELLED DUE TO RON'S OLD JOKES

Chapel was cancelled today due to Ron Crecelius' old jokes. Ron was taken to a mountaintop cabin where he

could get some rest and meditate on new jokes. This decision was made by administration after receiving an uncountable amount of mail from groaning students. One such letter was quoted as saying, "Pleae, help me . . . I cannot take it much longer . . ." A two week period was agreed upon as a sufficient amount of time for Ron's revitalization. If the old jokes

continue administration may have to take drastic measures. Prayers are requested for Ron during this time of rest. (Lord, please bless Ron with some new jokes.)

TEXTS RECALLED . . .

Due to the printing error of some obnoxious words in the Career Development text *The Truth About You*, it has been recalled.

Penn I has pucker-power! Kissy, kissy.



The Half Moon

Volhumme 9T-won

Gnombr Ate

Mae Siks 9-Teneatey



When Karen Grove and Leni Liebler decide to work together on something they don't mess around.

First, it was in the interest of the students. The Board was afraid that the participants would hurt themselves engaging in such dubious activities as submarine races, and Dr. Leshana was positive that any Fox student would rather read a good book or study than make butter. "After all," he said, "Saga has all they need." Second, the college cannot afford to replace and/or repair all the couches being worn down. Third, the Board felt that no student should be practicing first aid without a card. It was felt by all that the only recourse was to remove all couches from the lobbies. "I hate to do it," Dr. Leshana commented, "but it's for their own good." So, there you have it. For next year's dorm-dwellers it's bean bags and cushions. The majority must suffer for the sins of the minority. Alas, I rather enjoyed the contortionist act.

Flash! Hot item! There's a major shakedown coming next year in the dorm-life of all Ed-wards (post office), churning butter, and first-aid (mouth-to-mouth resuscitation). It might be noted here that the committee members could not ascertain for certain who was resuscitating whom. "Looked like a joint effort to me," Fox student would rather read a good book or study than make butter. "After all," he said, "Saga has all they need." Second, the college cannot afford to replace and/or repair all the couches being worn down. Third, the Board felt that no student should be practicing first aid without a card. It was felt by all that the only recourse was to remove all couches from the lobbies. "I hate to do it," Dr. Leshana commented, "but it's for their own good." So, there you have it. For next year's dorm-dwellers it's bean bags and cushions. The majority must suffer for the sins of the minority. Alas, I rather enjoyed the contortionist act.

Lobby couches to be removed

Calling All Stars

Looking for a Place to Belong? Join a Club.

Life is greater than any system of morality; her claims are absolute. It is not by tribal taboos and copy-book maxims that she has pursued her relentless march from the amoeba to man and from man to civilization. She has ruthlessly broken down all obstacles and liquidated all failures and today in her highest form — civilized man — and in me as his representative, she presses forward to that interplanetary leap which will, perhaps, place her for ever beyond the reach of death.

— Edward R. Weston

Then God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth."

— Genesis 1:26

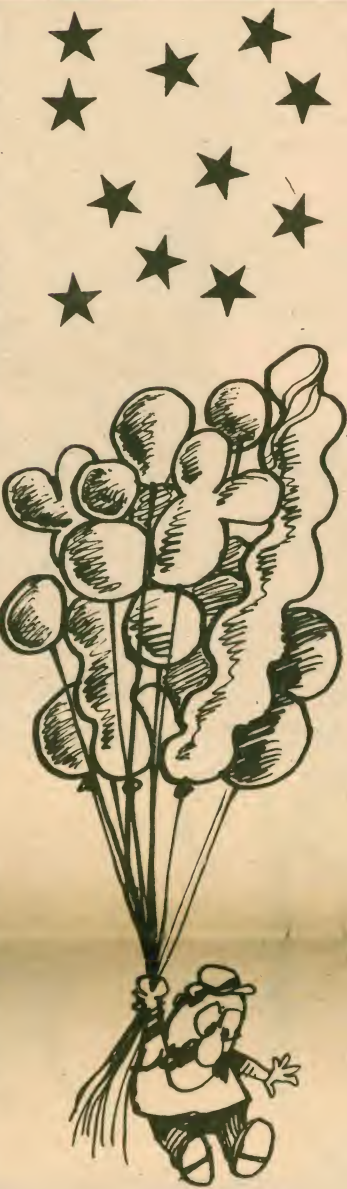
Not long ago I heard a man say that man might be better off exterminating himself quickly with a nuclear war rather than wait around for the energy to run out and so slowly starve man to death. What a pitiful life we have come to when we raise such negativists; a nation full of short-sighted, timid rabbits rather than the adventurous, courageous men who built this country.

I believe the future is staring us in the face, every time we walk outside at night. The stars! What man is not inexorably drawn to wonder, to explore the depths of space? This is the call of the Creator, the call of survival, the challenge of today. Rather than giving up and slowly withering, man must unite and rise from his natal star to seek his fortune among the planets of the gods. To deny this call is to deny the command of the creator to take dominion over all the earth (and by natural extension, all the universe).

The weak-minded will say that we can not even solve our own problems of poverty, crime, and disease which ravage our planet daily, so why should we reach to other planets. This argument denies the clear evidence of our Creator's will as evidences in the process of natural selection. Too long we have held ourselves back by attempting to heal every cripple, solve every minor crisis while we ignore the greater danger, extinction of the species! We have corrupted the pure logic of God's plan by the useless pseudo-sciences of psychology, sociology and social service. Natural science has been diverted from its progress toward the stars by popular demand (though the educated know that the masses cannot understand man's true goal and so must finally be lost). This demand has been for increased food production, disease control, and the like. While these developments are good in themselves, they must be controlled and used in the right ways; used to promote the reach of man outward, rather than wasting the resources of man on his weaker brother, who must eventually perish anyway. Though the seeming waste of life is pitiable, it would be far more pitiful to die knowing that soon afterward the entire human race must die. No, we must be strong and plunge our entire selves and resources into the future, no matter what the short-term consequences.

Another danger is that of the disheartened, or worse yet, the commercial scientists who state that we cannot reach out yet. They serve only the short-sighted materialists of this age, men who wish only to gain what they can from the present and have no care for the future of man. These men must be dethroned from their seats of misled power. We can reach out. We must. To do anything else is to deny the power of God and seal our own fate on this ball of dust. This must not be!

— A Concerned citizen.



A NO-NO!

My life of crime started when I was in kindergarten. A boy, W.T., lived across the street from me. He was a year younger than me, but tougher. He would chase me into a corner and beat me with his hobby horse. But he was my friend.

One day, W.T. came over to my house and asked to come outside to play. When we got outside, W.T. gave me a box of Cracker Jacks which he had stolen. Mom had always said stealing was bad, but in the end my stomach won and I ate them. My toy surprise was a ring.

Then we played cowboys. While we were playing, I lost my ring and was heartbroken since W.T. had told me that this was to be our engagement ring.

So, like any normal kid, I went to Mama. "Mom, I lost my ring I got out of the Cracker Jack's that W.T. stole for me."

"Oh, that's too bad, Honey. Did you look all around where you were playing?"

Now I hadn't expected her to get mad, but I at least expected her to remind me that stealing was wrong. Little did I realize that she had misunderstood me.

So in a state of confusion because my set of rights and wrongs had been turned around, I went to W.T. I told him that Mom didn't care if we stole from the store. So we went with parental permission.

It really wasn't that hard; we just shoved the toys under our shirts. Once, while we were in "the process," a clerk came around the corner and down our aisle. We hid. Either the clerk was blind or we should have turned professional, because he walked right past us.

As we left the store, a car pulled up. A man in the car stepped out. He identified himself as the store owner and asked us if we had paid for all of our toys. Using my imagination and mouth, the first of many times that I would use best assets, I said I had gotten money for my birthday. That seemed to satisfy him, and he went on his way.

Two blocks was too far for us to go without opening at least some of our treasures. We dawdled to my house to show mom.

We walked into the house, arms full of toys, some opened and some not. "Mom, look what we stole!"

Look ma.



She understood that time. BOY did she understand! She called Dad, W.T.'s parents, the store owner, and the police. We gathered at our burning barrel where the policeman, who looked to be a giant, tossed the opened toys into the fire and gave the unopened toys to the store owner. Mom and Dad split the cost of the opened toys with W.T.'s parents. I was sentenced to bed without dinner, isolation from W.T. for what seemed a month, and a spanking I would not soon forget. So ended my criminal life. Terrible isn't it!

Dalla Alexander

DID YOU HEAR A WORD?



Why is it that an institution of higher learning named for the progenitor of Quakerdom and with history of nearly a century has barely over 700 students when some upstairs academic Disneyland bearing the name of a faith healing tent-revivalist has grown to an enrollment of 4,000 in a single decade? Is it because one has nationally televised holiday specials and gives away iced tea trays with the university's logo, while the other simply places black and white endorsement ads in *Campus Life* magazine? Or is it because one has the slimmest, trimmest and best-dressed student body in America, short of the Air Force Academy, while the other has girls in bib-overalls and literature professors who wear leather sombreros and sunglasses? Well, it may be that these are contributing factors, but I feel they are minimal at best. After considering the unfortunate irony of these statistics for well nigh over 15 minutes, I've concluded that the real difference lies in one of these two institutions' use of impressive monuments. Impressive monuments are the subtle harvesters of students. With one chromed and mirrored re-creation of Christ's crown of thorns on a golden conchard, enrollment at the university in reference buried as a Thomas Malthus to inconceivable figures. Present construction there of a monolith water fountain, the precise replica of the evangelist's praying hands, several stories high, can be expected to skyrocket student enrollment further. In light of the successful attendance rolls produced by the erection of impressive monuments with spiritual significance on that campus, I propose that George Fox College follow suit. My proposal is that a capital fund drive get underway immediately to construct a five-story, sculptured marble replica of Rembrandt's "Lord's Supper", with all twelve disciples reposed at the table. They should be clearly a head above Woodmar, and, like the Statue of Liberty in New York, each have spiral staircases accessible through doors in their toes to enable students and visitors to see inside the heads of their favorite disciples, or to look at the college through the eyes of Jesus. For an eccumenical flavor that would have a wider appeal to the Evangelical student market, Christ's cup could be plumbbed to perpetually run-neth over with grape juice, the catch basin for which could be a coin-toss wishing well. Proceeds from this "Communion Fountain" could fund a scholarship for non-Quaker ministerial students. Surely this impressive memorial would become a magnet for spiritual pilgrims nationwide, and could generate record student enrollment as well as generous adding for the reserve fund.

Tad Cobb



welcome freshmen!

Attention Crescent staff: This one's for you.

by Laura Schmeling

If you suspect that nothing in this paper is worth reading, it's because most isn't. If you like nonsense you may like this article, but it has a serious side, too. I only exaggerate a little.

My problem is that life as a co-editor for the features pages can sometimes be a fag . . . er, a drag. But it's also a fag. Look it up if you don't believe me. Also look up predicament, dilemma, chaos, and panic if you're not sure what they mean, because they're all a part of certain Sundays.

On the Sunday before all *Crescent* copy is due at 9:00 a.m. the following morning, I meet with Rachel (who is a better co-editor than me) for our traditional despair session. This time our "staff meeting" went something like this:

I glance up from a lump of "SAGA special" on my plate and see Rachel headed for my table with that pitiful expression I've learned to recognize through my own use of it. My attempt to escape fails, and I sink hopelessly back into me seat.

"Laura, I don't have anything for our pages." (This was our daily conversation topic throughout the previous week.)

"Guess what. I can relate." "What're we gonna do?" "I don't know. I don't have time to write anything."

"I know. I don't either. But we've got lots of PICTURES!"

"Great! We'll feature photography! Only problem is, I

think that's been done before."

"Well, do you have any ideas?"

"Can we get all the ads?"

"Nope. Somebody else already got them. What else?"

"Hmmm . . . it's the 'lunatic.' Maybe we could feature 'blank pages.'"



A ten kg. object (A) travelling northward at 2m/sec. collides with 10kg. object (B) travelling south-eastward at 3m/sec.

"It'd be cheap, anyway!"

"And not take any time!"

I feigned enthusiasm.

"It won't work, Laura."

"I know. Just a passing thought. All good thoughts pass me by lately. They're allergic to procrastination, specifically mine."

"Somebody's writing an article for the *next* issue."

"Good. We'll need it then."

But for now . . . I know! We could type some absolutely ridiculous paragraph using a pica typewriter and just reproduce it that way. That'll take

up at least *one* page, and it'll give us longer to work on it!"

"Ha! Sure! What about?" (Sarcastically.)

"I thought up the idea. You think of a subject."

"What about Dr. Roberts drilling his troops for combat?"

"Huh?"



A ten kg. object (A) travelling northward at 2m/sec. collides with 10kg. object (B) travelling south-eastward at 3m/sec.

Rachel patiently explains the pacifist point of view to me.

"Oh. But it sounds more appropriate for a P.E. class. I always think they're torture."

"Maybe. I'll see if I can come up with anything."

"Me too. In fact, I'll go try now."

I lied. I waited until 11:00 p.m. to try to write something. And that's why I was up at 4:00 a.m. typing a paper, but this time not for a class. Those seem invariably a day late.

The ironic thing about all this is I never seem to learn, whether the situation is academic or extra-curricular. After all my worrying about blank pages and deadlines and late nights burning out the lights in the hallway outside my room, I realize once again that I haven't tried the most helpful and important tool — prayer.

Prayer is guaranteed. I just wish I could remember that. "Don't worry about anything instead, pray about everything . . ." (Philippians 4:6, Living Bible)

George Fox College has the distinction of being one of the Northwest's fastest growing colleges —

WH I T E S P A C E

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As of Monday, chapel requirements are no longer in effect. If a voluntary chapel does not work the draft will be reinstated.

The Sigma Zeta Science Club is having a meeting to discuss their recent discovery of how to create life. Members are asked to bring amino acids and their Osterizer blenders.

The Home Ec Club is now renting Osterizer blenders at \$75.00 per hour.

Several superior saintly seniors saw saturn safely swallowing salami Saturday. Salty sassafras singers salvaged sappy sycamores . . . Scattered scalded scalps scathed schizoid sacrlet scarecrows.

SAGA lunch hours have been changed to 1:00-1:05 p.m. for the rest of the term.

What you have expected had finally hapened! Laurel McBee and Gordon Martin have announced their engagement.

The *Crescent* salutes Newberg, Oregon, excitement and night life capital of the world. SALUTE!

Edwards Hall gutted last night. Caution: Curling iron campfire. The charred remains will be remodeled into a new library.

Surprise! Joe Gilmore woke up this morning with hair, Leah Pope now has a bass voice, and Sandy Tuning gained 40 pounds.

The freshman class just obtained the signature of Ron Crecelius on an affidavit stating he will tell no more jokes for the remainder of their college career.

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Paula, didn't your mom ever tell you that if you stick your tongue out, you go cross-eyed?

MEDICAL ALERT . . . !

Donations
for George Fox

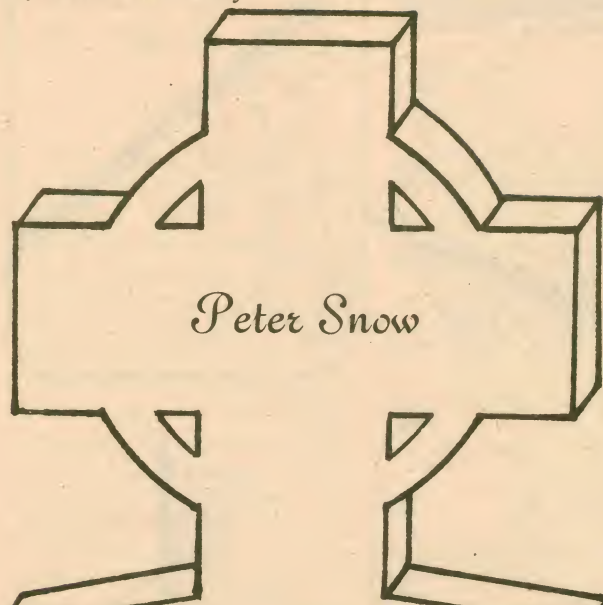
That was the case with 20 George Fox College women, his prize. He has just purchased reading material, snacks and Powderpuff football, won by George Fox last year from Jud-Brush Prairie, Wash. She's "riding" a dental chair in the book of Luke, and read the night and most of the day in the Marriage and Family class: If the rest of the term.

Mike's Medical Pharmacy

203 Villa Road,
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Evenings 538-4184

by Rachel Hampton

Artwork by Mike LaBounty



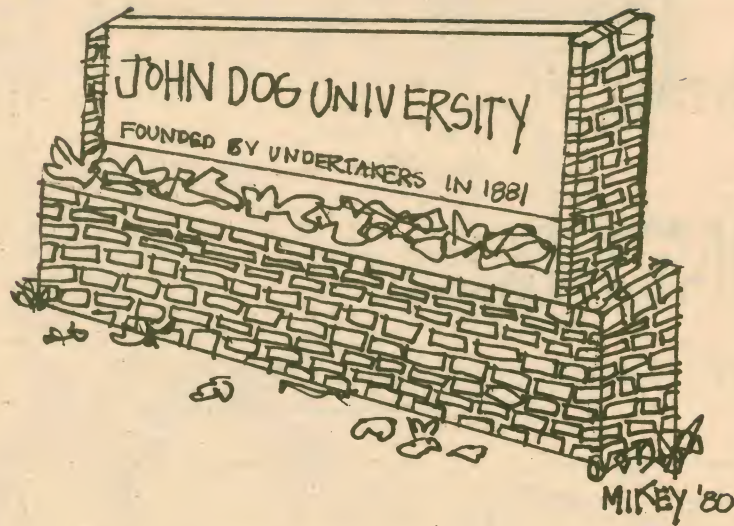
Over and over they tried to tell me
 "Pete, you can't paint a mural
 on Bonneville Dam."
 But I was determined to make my mark
 on the world.
 One sunny spring day,
 I lowered myself over the edge —
 The water level was quite low from lack of rain.
 How was I to know that a wall of water
 From a freak flash flood
 Would smash over the top,
 Ruining my mural
 And ending my life?

Lucy Powell Stevens

This stone in memorium to Lucy Powell Stephens.
 Beloved daughter, sister, wife, and mother.
 Her life was an example to all,
 But her sense of direction left a little
 To be desired.
 After flying to Fairbanks one evening,
 She hired a dogsled in order to visit some friends.
 In her hurry, she took a wrong turn.
 Now she lies buried under an avalanche of snow
 Somewhere in northern Siberia.

Tamara Citham

After graduating from college
 With honors in music,
 My cohort and I formed a singing team
 And toured the nation.
 We received acclaim wherever we went.
 But the demands of society were too great.
 Disillusioned, I quit and became a secretary
 in Missoula, Montana.
 But the love of singing and music
 Continued to dwell inside me.
 The silence of my sparsely furnished two room apartment
 Tortured me every evening
 And filled me with dread.
 One day I received a call from my old partner.
 She was passing through town,
 Could I come and see her?
 The sadness and despair of the past fifteen years
 Melted away
 And I eagerly agreed.
 With a song on my lips,
 I walked quickly across the main street
 To where her motel room was.
 A large semi lost its brakes
 And two seconds later, I, my bodily functions.
 But I left this world with a peace
 I had not known in all my life.



Kelton (Tad) Cobb

I was born a rebel
 Always with a cause.
 I gathered around me others
 Who shared my thoughts and ideals.
 We would overthrow the world
 Not with guns, tanks, the neutron bomb
 But with words.
 The pen was my weapon
 And I wielded it skillfully.
 Upon graduation from college,
 I joined the staff of a major Christian periodical
 And became known world-wide
 For my thoughts and ideals:
 How the earth could be made a better place for all.
 But the new world dictatorship
 Which arose from the ruins of World War III
 Disliked my dreams and banned my works.
 I struggled on, undercover, seeking
 To inform others of the truth.
 But though I always had solutions
 To offer the public,
 I had no solution for my own predicament.
 After accepting the higher calling,
 My body was broken by the world's system.
 Now I lie quietly under this stone.
 I've achieved my peace
 And can only wait for the world
 To achieve its own.

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SPORTS

TRACK

women :

Way out in the boon-dox, there's a little town called Newberg. Out of this town came the GFC Women's Track Team, covered with snow, rain and hail. And guess how their coach came about? He climbed out of a big bear claw-suit, called the BRUIN and joggin' along came the best looking manager around (the Beach). It was such a roaring clatter, yelling and stomping the spectators jumped out of the stands to see what was the matter. There they stood, in blue and gold, the Olympic Ladies of the 1980's.

Yep, they just returned from another victorious trip, with performances almost out-of-state. Our own Sharon Denise, er . . . umm . . . Denise Shavon, I mean Shavon Dennis ran away with the 400 and 200 meters. Jacquie Davis takes the 100 meter dash with no sweat and leads the other teammates in the 400 meter relay. Out in the field there are Rachel, Jody, Tina and Lynette that are always throwing, tossing and putting everything away. Then in the Pits there are Shawna (long jump), Karen, Jacquie (high and long), and Sandra (high).

Back out on the track you get the long and the short of it. For the long is Eileen running away with the distances and for the short there are "Little Wheels" (Cathy Bowersox), "House" (LaDonna), and "VeeWee" (Vonda Winkle). Three of the "Jumping" ladies are also out on the track hurdling over all of those hurdles.

Now, while all of this is going on the calm and cool coach is having a nervous breakdown. No worry although, it's down to the mile relay . . . the gun goes off, out goes Sandra, burning up the track, then Jacquie by her will to win, than Shavon . . . just goes, lead is now for the Bruins, she hands off to Karen who takes it to "the MAX". The Bruin ladies win again.



THIS IS A 10

Softball

Once upon a time in the Nineteen hundred and Eightieth year of celebrating our Lord's resurrection there came into being the most amazing softball team ever to represent George Fox College.

Pitching for this team was a unique young woman by the name of Sue Messenger. A left handed "chucker" with a sling-shot delivery. Sue found her claim to fame by asking one question, "Why?" It seems the umpire had called an obviously perfect pitch a ball, and Sue, being a curious young lady, had to inquire the reason for the call.

This team has an amazing record of 9-1 thus far this season, (or is that 1-9.). One of those.

We're currently making reservations in New York for the week of the national tournament. We plan to make a dramatic comeback to beat U of O and OSU out for the national positions. We plan to take them by surprise after a semisuccessful season. You'll be able to watch us on T.V. May 21 in the national finals in New York.



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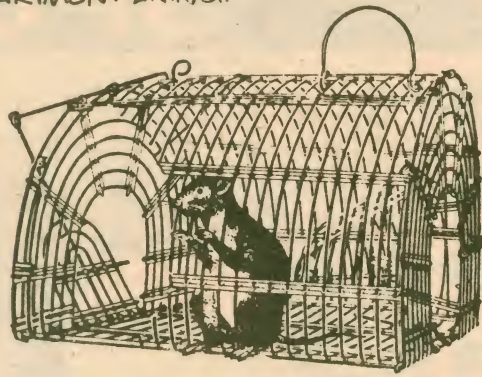
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Steven and Rod: or is that Stacy and Rodina?

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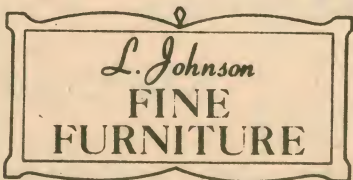
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